

Quiet Observations.

(Pittsburg Weekly Dispatch.)

"John Malin is the proudest man in the ward this morning. His face is wreathed in smiles, and he steps out like a grenadier. It is a boy."

Such was the item that appeared in the society column of a daily paper. The intention was to tickle John and make his frugal and faithful wife happy. John is an industrious laboring man of 47 years, and has a family of eight children, five boys and three girls, the oldest a girl, the next a boy of 14. While John is a clever, good-hearted fellow, like thousands of others, he has never been able to rise above the level of a "laborer," consequently receives only small wages, varying from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day. He considers himself quite fortunate, indeed, if he receives \$4.00 for his year's work. Out of this he must pay rent, taxes, church dues, and buy food, clothing and coal.

A neighborwoman carried the paper to John and pointed out the item. The paper was so crumpled and dirty, having been all around the neighborhood, that the printing was scarcely legible. However, John, in his slow way, made it out, but, strange to say, did not get up and dance around, nor even smile. He simply wondered who did it. When the neighborwoman had gone and the children scattered off to the street for their evening's carousal, John lit his short but strong pipe, sat down in the deserted kitchen, laid the paper across his knee, upon which he planted his bare and bony elbow. Removing the short pipe from his lips for a moment, he drew a long breath, which was more a sigh than an inspiration, and said to himself:

"The proudest man in the world! Another mouth to feed and work growing scarcer. It's naught but worry and trouble for me."

John has had lots of trouble. His oldest girl belongs to the "dirty dozen," and his boy has been in the workhouse. He will not work, and is continually begging John for money to get him out of scrapes. The other children are like the rest of the children in the court, no better, no worse. With a boy that promises no aid to his declining days, and a daughter who is only a source of anxiety, it is no wonder John sighed. "It's naught but worry and trouble for me."

John would not think of turning the little stranger out, and his heart would bleed with sadness should it die. Yet he cannot look down the future without a shudder. Another mouth to feed means retrenchment and reform; that is, a redistribution of the food and clothes. The quantity cannot be increased, as it is up to the limit now. The same amount that supplied 9 must now supply 10.

How often the paragraphist makes mistakes of this kind. He means well, but he is thoughtless; he does not really know what he is saying. This paragraph set all the old women in the neighborhood to clattering and talking, and the boys at the mill joked John about it, but it only made him sad. To him the death notice would have caused sharper pangs for the moment, but not more lasting than the forebodings of the birth notice.

But then, isn't it strange how people adapt themselves to circumstances—verifying the old adage, "There's always room in the coach for one more?" A laboring man down in First Ward has a family of 16, all at home. He says he sees but little difference between keeping 6 or 16. When he had but two he thought one more would send him to the poor-house, but the increase was so gradual and the additional daily expense so trifling that it was not noticeable. Something like loading a camel with feathers by adding one feather at a time. The camel's back broke at last, however, and it was the last feather that did it.

"Poverty is a child of civilization, and the higher civilization rises the more dense poverty becomes. It is a result of natural causes, is in perfect harmony with the great system of the universe, and therefore right."

This is a shocking doctrine, but do-

mestic economists enunciate it, and philosophers say amen. They tell us that man was made to live on the products of the earth. Animal and vegetable foods were provided in abundance for all who are willing to go forth and gather them. Aboriginal man knew not poverty. There were fruits and roots, and flesh and fish and fowl in almost prodigal abundance, and he had the means at hand for applying it to his wants. Mother Earth has never yet failed to provide for those who remain with her. Hot winds may scorch a large area; frost may gather a crop too early, or a pest may consume the product of the soil; a murrain or distemper may annihilate the cattle from the hills and flocks from the valleys for leagues around; yet there is a limit to all these, and beyond this limit there is plenty.

As civilization progressed trades were established. One man exchanged the product of his mechanical skill for the products of the earth that had been gathered by another. In the course of time tradesmen found it to their interest to live in close communities. These grew into towns and became the centres of trade, or business, as we call it. The tiller of the soil was always assured of his living, but the mechanic or tradesman had to take what was left. If the farmer or herdsman wouldn't buy his products at a remunerative price he was compelled to take less, because he must have the products of the earth to sustain his life. The farmer and herdsman could make out to live on milk and honey and fruit and vegetables and beef and mutton and corn. They might have no money, but they were not in a state of poverty.

The more rapidly civilization advances, according to modern ideas, the more people gather into cities. They speculate largely, but produce nothing. The farmer gathers the substance from the earth, and the speculators toss it from one to another, change its shape, or modify it in some way until it is eventually consumed. The mechanic may be reduced to a state of starvation because he cannot eat the products of his labor; neither can the trader or speculator eat the certificates he holds.

Who is the sufferer? The men who own the shops and mills, and hold the corn and oil represented by the certificates, can easily lock up what they already have and stop the streams that have been trickling into the hands of the laborers. They have a right to do it. It is their property. Nature shuts off the genial showers that make the field productive, and sends the cyclone that sweeps them bare of their half-matured products. Has not man, therefore, a natural right to control his own, even to the detriment of others?

"Money makes money. The rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer. Slavery has but taken another form." These are expressions heard every day on the streets, in the shops, and in the mines. Capitalists denounce them as communistic utterances.

Whether they are communistic or not they certainly look very plausible to the common people. If a man has money and invests it judiciously it will make more money. If he is already rich he will have more money to invest, consequently he grows richer. This increased wealth must come off of some person, and it is inferred that it is off of the poorer persons. The small mechanic and tradesman cannot cope with the monopolists, consequently they go into the employ of the monopoly.

That slavery has only changed its form is a graver assertion than the others. The workingmen argue that the Southern slaves were always provided with food, clothing, and shelter whether work was going on or not. Now the laborer comes and goes at the beck and nod of the capitalist, and is compelled to take what he may see fit to give, and yet has no guarantee that he will be provided for when the panic comes. In this respect he feels the negro slave had the best of him.

It is all the fault of the laborer, and for that reason his plaint meets with so little sympathy. He is more of a necessity to the capitalist than the

capitalist is to him. No matter how high he comes they must have him. Old Mother Earth beckons him to her idle prairies, her tenantless valleys, her wooded mountains and prolific hills from whence he can snap his fingers in the face of the capitalist. He may not have a pay-day every two weeks, his rations of beer may be cut off, his supply of ready cash may be reduced to a single pocket-piece, but starvation does not stare him in the face, he is not haunted with fears of strikes or reduction of wages, and he does not have to go groveling to his mistress as he did to his master.

Greeley was generally right, and he was never more so than when he said: "Go West young man; go West." There are too many laborers here. They are eating each other up. Mills cannot make iron unless the farmer wants to buy.

Shipping.

TIME TABLE OF STEAMERS

— OF THE —

INTER-ISLAND
STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

Steamer W.G. Hall,

BATES.....Commander

Leave Honolulu for Maiala, Kona and Kauai

Wednesday.....October 22, at 4 P.M.
Monday.....November 3, at 4 P.M.

Arriving at Honolulu on

Wednesday.....Oct 29, at 5 A.M.
Sunday.....Nov. 9, at 4 P.M.

Steamer Planter,

CAMERON.....Commander

Leaves Honolulu Every Tuesday, at 5 P.M.

For Nawiliwili, Koloa, Elele and Waimea, Kauai. Returning, leaves Nawiliwili every Saturday evening, arriving back every Sunday morning.

Steamer Iwalani,

FREEMAN.....Commander

Leaves Honolulu Every Tuesday at 12 M.

For Hamoa, Kukuiahele, Honokaa and Paauhau. Return will stop at Hamoa, arriving back every Sunday morning.

Steamer Jas. Makee,

WEIR.....Commander

Leaves Honolulu Every Friday at 9 A.M.

For Waianae, Waialua, Kapaa, and Kilauea. Returning leaves Kapaa every Tuesday at 4 P.M., and touching at Waialua and Waianae, arriving back every Wednesday afternoon.

OFFICE of the Company, foot of Kilauea Street, near the P.M.S.S. Wharf. 202-wtf

STEAMER 'KINAU.'

KING.....Commander

THE STEAMER "KINAU" WILL LEAVE HONOLULU EACH TUESDAY at 4 P.M., touching at Lahaina, Maiala Bay, Makani, Mahukona, Kawaihae, Laupahoehoe and Hilo.

Returning, will touch at all the above ports, arriving at Honolulu each Saturday P.M. The "KINAU" will leave her wharf at 4 P.M., and NO FREIGHT WILL BE RECEIVED AFTER 3 P.M. Due notice is given of this rule and will be carried out. 129-twt

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO
TIME TABLE.

PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.

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Australia.....On or about January 18, 1885For Auckland and Sydney:
Zealandia.....On or about Dec. 27, 1884-twt

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211-wtf